AD POPULUM,

OR, A

LECTURE

TO THE

PEOPLE.

WITH A

SATYR

AGAINST

SEPARATISTS.

BY

ABRAHAM COWLY.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gun at the West end of S. *Pauls.* 1678.

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The Printer to the Reader.

READER, *here is a Lecture long since taught,*
Which in those days of madness went for nought.
Hardly a man but then did it despise,
Because (*not all a Mode*) *full stuff'd with* Lies.
Strange contradictious days, when truth and reason
Went for Malignancy, and Guilt, and Treason.
Nothing in fashion then but Blood, and he
That durst be Loyal must a Martyr be,
Nay, Majesty it self could not escape,
But on the Royal Throne it self you fore'd a Rape:
The Crown, the Mitre, and the Gown must go,
Since the new Kirk and State will have it so.
This was your blessed Doctrine, which being done
Come we at last to th' application:
Where to your Comfort, it doth shew you plain
Of all your Acts, the merit and the gain.
Here you may see the true expence and charge
Of Treason and Rebellion set at large:
Here you may know what new Religions cost,
And what you gain'd now that the old was lost:
Here is the price of freedom, and how free
You have been since you paid for't, you may see,
Here you may see the difference 'twixt old Preachers
And the new Saints, which you miss-name your Teachers:

Here you may find every particular thing,
That you have gain'd in lieu of Church and King:
All the brave Trinkets both of Kirk and State,
That you have purchas'd so dear a Rate.
The price of Blood, and Treason in a few years
And what ye've paid for Jelousies and Fears?
All this and more, I could to you relate
And what become of all your Gold and Plate;
But I should wrong the Author, whose intent
Is to demonstrate what you have got, or spent.

A 2

AD POPULUM:

YE dull Idolaters, have ye *yet* bent
Your Knees enough to your Dagon-Parliament?
When will ye give us liberty to say
Yee'r reconcil'd to the *Apocrypha*,
And believe *Bell* an Idoll? Do ye yet
Discern the Foot-steps of the Small and Great
In the ashy Pavement; who, while *you* stand
Half-starved by, devour the Fat o'th Land?
Groſs Aſs of *Iſſachar*, poor hackney Clown!
Betwixt two Burthens wilt thou ſtill couch down?
Hath not the Son of *Beor*, that fall Seer,
Yet rid thee low enough, but thou muſt bear
Repeated Loads? how truly art thou brought
Into a ſtreight, now, where no humane thought
Of turning either way can cherish't be?
When wilt thou ſee the Angel, and ſpeak free?
Balaam enrag'd, thrice ſmot his tyred Aſs,
But had no Sword, he with't for one Alaſs!
Thy rider needs not wish, his Hand doth hold
A two edg'd Blade, with which having ſwitch't the old,

Lean

Lean, blind, and Lame, that thou doest groan beneath
Thy Cares, thy Bowels he will make his Sheath.
And much good do't ye with your Misery;
Ne're did a fond young Amorist long to lie
By's Mistress side so much, as you to be
Possest of your belov'd Calamity.
And 'faith *She has pay'd your Sculler*, pluckt you bare,
Not left you Eyes, nor Teeth, nor Nails, nor Hair:
The Kingdom's Bridg Politique is broken too,
And not your Lect'rers only snuffle now;
The Cancro almost is Epidemical.
Be this my prayer, may they so prosper all,
Who with unworthy private base Intents,
So run a whoring after Parliaments:
For 'tis concluded by the graver Bench
That *Babylon*'s Strumpet's now the Sounder Wench.
Good heavy Mule, you were too well, when ease
And happy plenty from the Land and Seas
Drop't on your head, which kind heaven rained down
By th' blessed Influence of a Monarch's Crown:
But long'd to try which were the better Thing,
Five hundred Tyrants, or one gentle King.
Tell me experienc't Fools, did not your days
Glide smoothlier on, when in your harmless Plays
Ye *Haltred Finch* & sold *salt fish to the Court*,
And *Bob'd your Brother* gently but in sport?
When ye had *shorter Sermons, longer Prayers*,
And *sought the good Saint* Dennis, not your Mares:
When the plump Dumpling (like a floating Isle)
Swam in your own dear Allægre, the while
Your Daughter *Alice* in love with *John*, forsooth,
Staring in's Face though wide, yet miss'd her Mouth;

When

When no grim Sandy Trooper did ye harm,
No fiercer Dragon, when no strangers Arm
Did reach your yellow Bloom, nor envy
The richness of your Chimneys Tapestry:
When good Dame *Ellen* (your beloved Spouse)
Bare to the elbow in the Dairy-house,
With fragrant Leeks did eat the Cheese she wrought,
Not sent it to the Garison for nought.
O those were Golden days, all things were quiet,
While *Pym* did whisper Treason for his Diet
At *Knightlyes* House, and honest *Dick* and he
In private exercis'd their Lechery;
Who each Good-Friday, ('gainst the Church a Charm)
Were sure to have a holy Sister warm
With which Sweet Flesh, e're they had ought to do,
They sanctified it with a Grace or two
But see what love of Liberty affords,
And the strange Lusting after new coin'd words:
How much the better are ye now, I pray,
That ye with much expence have learn'd to say
Quarter for *Lodging*, and can wisely weld
What *Carbine* signifies, and *Granado* tell'd
Which would have pass'd with you the other day,
For Six legg'd Monsters out of *Affrica*:
And with a painted cloth, have made a pretty
Holborn-bridge Jigg, or Fool-Trap in the City.
Was not your Ale as brown, as fat your Beef,
E're *Plunderer* was English for a Thief?
Poor Souls! upon your ruine ye are bent,
Yee've gain'd a Word, lost a Commandment.
A glorious Exchange: and we do fear now
Kimbolton too was purchased too dear;

For

For though we yield it hath a rumbling sound,
Yet 'tis scarce worth *five hundred thousand pounds*:
The getting of which word by heart, some guess,
Hath stood the Kingdom but in little less
A word of that rough shape, men look to know,
E're they come near't if 't be whole hoof or no;
Had *Daniel* known't sure t'would have made him spare
The expence of's boyled Pitch, his Fat, and Hair,
For, arm'd with that alone, he might with ease
Have choak'd the *Dragon*, without help of these.
But these your Apples were, yet would be wise
Though with the hazard of your Paradise,
It is the greatest Misery of Mankind
Fortune at once makes Happy and makes Blind.
How richly were ye blest in House and Field
With all the store that our fat Land could yield,
While heartily ye did in every place
At the Kings Name, cry out, *God save his Grace*,
Not bless the Godly Parliament; Ye then
Were not enslav'd, but free-born *English men*;
Your Stacks of Corn were then your own; nay more,
Ye durst lay claim then to the cloaths ye wore:
Your Wives blew Ruff, and Stammel Petti-coat
(In Statute-Lace, which cost her many a Groat
While any Statute was in use) then lay
In quiet Lavender till the next high Day;
Your Sunday Cloak, as then did not miscarry,
But sure it was to be i'th Inventory,
When weary of this life, you had the hap
With a warm Pepper-posset and a Gap
To leave the world, for writing which the Vicar
Receiv'd his Twelve-pence and a Cup of Liquor.

Those

Those days are gon, your crests are fallen down,
And now your journies to the Market-Town
Are not to sell your Pease, your Oats, your Wheat,
But of Nine Horses stolen from you t'intreat
But one to be restor'd: and this ye do
To a buff'd Captain, or perhaps unto
His surly Corporal, with the same degree
Of cringing and sordid Idolatry,
Ye used in the former days to fall
Prostrate unto your Land-Lord in his Hall,
When with low Legs, and in an humble guise
Ye offer'd up a Capon-Sacrifice
Unto his Worship at a New-years-Tide:
For which i'th Buttery having stuff'd your hide
With store of drink, as heartless as t'was cold,
(Which nothing but an Asses Hoof could hold)
Ye took your leave, making your three long Stretches,
One to himself, Two to his Velvet Breeches,
No more, no more shall ye take pleasant journies
(The Tempters at your Elbows, Your Attornies)
Twice by the year to the Shire-Town, and there
O'rthrow a Parson, Drink drunk, and forswear
Your selves, which being done, go home and cry
The Common-wealth's bound to your industry,
No more, no more shall ye in Triumph say
A *Pickering*, a *Cromwell*, and a *Wray*
At your Knights choice, nor which appear'd most fine
The bounteous Conduits run pure Claret Wine;
Which were good Breathings from Affliction,
Like comely Stops in an Oration,
Which interval'd your Grief: but now ye lye
Under a scourging Perpetuity.

Destroying you by Whole-Sale, in such sort,
For your undoing, neither wine nor sport
Shall be allow'd ye, When ye joy'd to see
Gods Altars pulled down by a Decree
Of *Omri*, and his holy Temples made
Worse then your Stables fordidly betray'd
To Filth (our Kingdoms everlasting Stain)
The carved works torn down by the Profane:
When ye beheld the Houses of your King,
His Ships, Towns, Castles, nay his every Thing
Detain'd from him, could ye so foolish be
To think that your poor Cottages could be free?

When ye did daily hear such foul Disgrace,
Such Blasphemies thrown in th'Almighties Face
From out your Pulpits, and did thither run,
Chirping upon your Lectures while 'twas done:
When 'twas your Joy to see Gods Service fall,
Or worship't slovenly, or not at all:
When ye so chearfully did entertain
Such Lies and Slanders 'gainst your Soveraign:
Who could bewitch ye into so much Trust
To think your Honour should not lie i'th Dust?
Or that your Fourty Marks, to which ye were born,
In Soccage, could redeem ye from just Scorn?
When with a Solemn Gladness ye did break
The holy Sept, and did no difference make
Twixt the unhallowed and the hallow'd Hands?
Could you believe that your own walls should stand?
Or that a Bore (the Fence being broken through)
Should not lay waste and spoil your Vine-yards too?
That Man plants Hedges 'bout himself in vain,
Who lays in common Sacred and Profane.

When

When your learn'd Priests made guilty of all ills,
Like Partridges were hunted on the Hills,
By Painted-chamber and Committee-Men, (then?
Where were your Tears? where was your Sack-cloath
It was your Game to see't, each Bush was beat,
And not a common Mouth but cryed Rett.:
And see the Fruit of it, your Quarry now,
Like *Israels* Quailes, peeps through your Nostrils too;
Your Clergies Scorn is prov'd your Plague, and will.

Go, Go, make Bonefires now, let every Hill
Shine with your Idol-Flames, and every Grove
Be fill'd with Sisters, Zeal, Joy, Pigs, and Love;
Let *Wisdoms* Turk and Pope, the rest among
For *Ave* amidst the Brethern now be sung;
Arch-Deacon *Cromwell's* Visitation
Hath cleansed all (in whose pure Veins doth run
Th'reforming Blood and Vertues of his Grand
Parent, that man of Iron, whose tough Hand,
Arm'd with his Fathers Hammer, at one blow
Made many a stately Abbey lie full low)
Who in one godly march upon his way
(Help'd by his Surrogate the good ———
Five Crosses kill'd, Five Books of Common-Prayers,
Five Surplices, Five Fiddles, and Five Bears.
Bless'd Reformation! And the time will come
When Apes as well as Bears shall have their Doom,
And Badgers Fur grow cheap. Deluded Elves,
Where are those days you promis'd to your selves,
When ye should drink Sack from your own plump well,
And all your Ditches should run Muskadel?
The Bishops Votes are gone, great *Strafford* lies,
To appease the Base a Noble Sacrifice,

And yet in sadness (Sirs) I cannot find
That it rains Fritters yet, or that the Wind
On his soft Wing brings Spices from the *East*,
Without our Ships, or Ingots from the *West*:
Nature is still the old slow Thing she was,
And gravely brings her business to pass
By Sober temperate steps; she does not yet
Ride Post, make Souce and Puddings at a Heat;
Nor does our Mother-Earth's kind Bowels yield
Us Chines of Beef, yet, or the Brawny Shield,
As Fens do Turf, for Digging; the same course
She still observes, only 'tis something worse.
You thought 'twas brave to rule, and therefore laid
That burden on your own, which God had made
For greater Shoulders; Ye injoy'd no rest
Till your High-Constable was above your Priest;
Angry ye were, and did accuse the Fates
For making of ye Subjects, and not States;
Which ye determined to alter, and
Resolv'd your own, not Heaven's Decree should stand;
Inrag'd, ye had it in your heart to stone them,
Moses and *Aaron* took too much upon them;
Ye could not sleep, nor yet in quiet sit
Till an Ord'nance took place of sacred Writ.
Ye'ave almost your whole wish; and, faith, confess,
What ye have got; come, be ingenious.
Would ye not give the best Horse in your Team
The twelve years past were but a fearful Dream,
And hug your Resurrection, that ye might
Retast that Manna, once ye set so light?
We'l not deny't, many great Grievances,
And Scarlet Sins were nourish'd, such as these;

Land-Lords exacted Rents, the Priests were grown
So proud, they call'd th'tenth of our crop their own:
The Spiritual Courts in every corner rife,
A carnal exercise with a Neighbours Wife
Could not be had, but straight they made us stand
Pin'd in a Linnen Bag with a white wand,
Betraying so our Christian Liberty,
Which gives us Title unto all we see.
Gross Innovations in Religion too
Were frequent grown; O what a Tedious do
Have some Sir *Johns* made, that they might recal
That Superstitious, hypocritical,
That Popish Trick of praying on the Knee,
As if God joy'd in's Servants Misery;
Troubling the ease and quiet of the Saints,
(A hainous crime, and causing sad complaints)
Whose Pastors should be such as might the best,
Mark out and typifie eternal Rest;
Those Idol-Altar Books, stuft full of Crosses,
Bound up in Silver Anti-Christian Bosses,
Made of the Whore of *Babylons* Thimbles, stood
Preaching aloft to grace their God of Wood;
And men began to prize them more, then either
The powerful *Dod*, or his blest Few-Mate *Cleaver*.
Sad times the while! nay, (worse in this then *Turks*)
Th' *Arminian* Preachers had so cryedup works,
That foolish men (so evil were the Days)
Began to make a conscience of their ways.
Now bless us all! we were i'th very Road
To *Rome*, and shortly should have worship'd God,
By our Idolatrous Fore-Fathers rear'd,
Churches, insooth, began to be repair'd,

Nay

Nay more to be adorn'd; Weep, weep mine eyes!
This is a roaring sin, a sin that cries!
And had not this been stopt, there had been found
Who would have sworn they'd stood on holier ground
Then a Justice Parlour, on whose cushion lie
A *Dalton*, and *Practice of Piety*
To sanctifie the Room, and purge from sin,
The Bribes his Country Visitours bring in:
The Corporation Custard, which before
(As the fierce Seas curb'd by the Sandy Shore)
Did check the fluent Lect'rers heaving vein,
And call'd the Spirit into his Bounds again,
Aw'd by the Plumbroath every hour
Lost more and more still of it's wonted Power,
And though the Sisters daily did supply
With Sighes and Eggs to make the Gusto high,
Yet 'twould not do: Pride, pride, the Clergies Pride,
(Which I assure ye, Sirs, was at Spring Tide)
Had got that growth, they did not blush to say
They would not Preach to please the People; they
Rank Heresie, if good *Mas*, *Henderson*
Can tell what Heresie is——

How saucy were they grown, who dar'd to Preach
Th' Elect could sin? O most abhorred Breach
Of th' Faithfuls Priviledge! and that Gods Sheep
Were not whom *Marshal* brands, but they who keep
Th' Impossible Commandments. Beside,
They taught the way to Heaven, was not so wide
That a First-Table Saint, who with a Brother
Faithful and call'd, made bold to break the other,
Could croud her belly in: therefore in scorn,
To take it up they advis'd each night and morn,

She

She should in humble manner, [illegible] fair,
Walk by the Brook of Penance, and then air,
Her self 'bout weeping cross, early and late,
To fit her body for the narrow Gate;
Maliciously they taught that no man given
To Fleshly Lust, so dying should see Heaven,
Uncomfortable Doctrines sure they were,
Enough to make the Godly to despair.
Who using th'Creature freely, as their own,
(As 'tis indeed) are often very prone;
Yet notwithstanding that look to be Heirs
Of Heavens joy too, for verily all is Theirs.
Nor will the Priest e're better Manners have
So long as Tithes are left to feed the Knave, (whence
Those Villainous Tithes, th' *Ægyptians Flesh-pots*,
They loath the *Manna* of Benevolence.
Alass poor Fools! we know not what we loose
When we do part with our Tenth Lamb and Goose,
Surely there's Witch-craft in't; the very Fat
And Marrow of our Substance lies in that,
Being the Top of Numbers; and 'tis thought
Through close Malignant Veins to it are brought
Sinews and strength from th'Brawny *Hercules*,
From whom that Heathenish Custom first did rise,
For mark, and ye shall find the plump Divine
Grow fat by th'Tenth, we lean by th' other Nine;
Which Nature teacheth too, look on the Sea
And she her Tithe in the Tenth Wave doth pay
Lustier then all the rest, as if she meant
To Seal that Number with a Sacrament.
What 'ere the matter be, it is a Gem
Unknown to us, but far too rich for Them.

Therefore

Therefore 'tis fit Committees should be sent

That the beloved Matron might prick on
Her learn'd and Antiquated Champion,
(Like a *French* Chimny Sweeper) once more
Into *Cottons* Library through the back-door,
And fetch from thence a Dose of *Snuff* Rust,
Soot *Arabick Ana*, and of Eastern Dust
Enough to cast into the Peoples Eyn,
They may not see Tithes to be things Divine.
For while they r hold to vent such daring words,
That not our Trencher-feeds them, but the Lords,
Be confident of this (such is their Pride,)
His business shall be done, ours laid aside.

All this is true, but pray ye Neighbours say,
While those light Burthens on your Shoulders lay
Had ye not merrier Days? the King and Law
Call'd for some Brick indeed, but gave ye Straw;
The Ship-Money was a weight; well, yield it so;
Since that was damn'd, does the World better grow?
Have ye no Burthens now? O happy Men!
The twentieth Part ye have paid, the fifth, and when
Your new Task-Masters shall be pleas'd to call,
And say ye are Delinquents, Farwel All;
New Victories coyn'd to cheat ye every hour,
Your Purse must bleed so long as they have Power
To lie; your Taxes to the Garrisons,
The Pressing and the Slaughter of your Sons:
Secret Benevolences, and to these
To top up all, but fifty Subsidies.
Are these no Burthens? Let me pity you,
Sad Souls! for only that is left ye now;

Happy

Happy ye were and might have so abode,
Had ye not kneel'd like Camels for your Load:
They ne're had risen had you kept your State;
Till ye were wretched, they could not be Great.
Therefore as crafty Glaziers, who retain
Night-walking Drunkards in a *Pension*,
That when the Darkness and the Drink command,
Windows may fall, that their frail Trade may stand:
Or seeming Conjurers, who have Thieves in Pay,
So dealt the cunning Men with you; For they,
That their great skil in Surgery might be crown'd,
And their rare Balsom sought for, made the Wound.
Who (like the meaner Stars which hidden lie
While the World's look't on by the Heavens sole eye)
That they might be ador'd, and appear Bright,
Resolv'd to turn the Globe, and make it night;
And good Night Land-Lord, when will it be Day?
('Tis hard to give, easier to take away.)
So faint our hopes be that the sprightly Morn
Should evermore make her desir'd Return,
That they have hardly left a Cock to say
To our sad Hearts, Chear up, it will be Day:
Or call us to Repentance for the sin
We have so long securely slumber'd in,
The Denial of our Lord. At first indeed
They play'd with you, as with a new-back'd Steed,
Nor did they think it fit to fill your Eye
With the whole Scene of your large Misery;
But drew the Curtain by degrees. 'Twas light,
Your burthen then, to bear a Beard-less Knight
Upon your back, what was it, errant Gulls,
To think that Calves in time would not prove Bulls?

Or that like *Milo*, you should grow in height
Of strength and Sinew, as your Load in weight!
Of your new States, how could ye think so ill,
When all things else encrease, they should stand still?
No, no, each man of them is grown so spread
(Upon the common stock of Fat things fed)
That the tall *Atlas*, who the Heavens doth bear,
Has't under Seal, not one of them comes There.
Nine dozen of bread din'd the young Elephant:
Whom, when he had more years and volum, scant
A Tun would satisfie; Change but the Name,
The Fable's Theirs, and they confess the same,
Who are about to geld the Members now;
(What will the Legislative Ladies do?)
For since that neither the new-rais'd Excise,
The Sequestrations (though they high do rise)
Their Staple of Plunder, nor *Jews* fetch't of late
To buy the wicked Circumcis'd Estate,
Can fill them all, they are resolved to bate
Something in Number as they thrive in weight.
(So have I seen good Husbands, when they found
Unnecessary Stowage clogg their ground,
Pull down out-houses, that they might not be
Charg'd with Repairs, where they no profit see)
As if they meant to let ye understand
That five and twenty now can spoil the Land.
All this and more, ye cannot chuse but see,
And will ye still count your own Misery?
Return, return unto your God and King,
Obedient hearts, and fair Peace-Offerings bring,
So shall your weary shoulders soon be eas'd,
For such Sacrifices both are pleas'd.

O be Prophane no more, no more defile
Gods Temples, nor tread on the ſacred Oyl
Which doth anoint both King and Prieſt; no more
Caſt amorous Glances on that painted Whore,
Who ſits at *Weſtminſter*, and 'mongſt the reſt,
Hath alſo this known Character of the Beaſt,
She in a Temple maketh her abode,
Lifting herſelf 'bove all that's called God:
But ſet your Love on them, who for your good
Are met to hazard both Eſtates and Blood,
The *Oxford Parliament*; for, if there be
At this time any, ſurely that is ſhe.
Be no more frighted from all Piety
Under a falſe Notion of Popery;
That Mask is ſtale; call it no more *The Cauſe*,
Or Chriſtian Liberty to have no Laws:
In point of Faith, take heed how ye appeal
To the New Goſpel made by *SAY* and *SEAL*,
Let *Davids* Pſalms be above *Sternholds* Meter,
And *Wrays* Occaſionals yield to Saint *Peter*,
Set up Church Diſcipline anew, be wiſe:
(For ſince that fell your Daughters Bellies riſe:)
Grow Charitable again, let not your Hate
And private ſpleen bring forth a publick Fate:
So ſhall ye happy be, and ſoon return
The Nations Envy, who are now their ſcorn:
Take up at laſt, then learn to underſtand
The Plow and Scepter are not for one Hand.

FINIS.

A Leaure to the People.

O be Prophane no more, no more defile
Gods Temples, nor tread on the facred Oyl
Which doth anoint both King and Priest; no more
Cast amorous Glances on that painted Whore,
Who sits at *Westminster*, and 'mongst the rest,
Hath also this known Character of the Beast,
She in a Temple maketh her abode,
Lifting herself 'bove all that's called God:
But set your Love on them, who for your good
Are met to hazard both Estates and Blood,
The *Oxford Parliament*; for, if there be
At this time any, surely that is she.
Be no more frighted from all Piety
Under a false Notion of Popery;
That Mask is stale; call it no more *The Cause*,
Or Christian Liberty to have no Laws:
In point of Faith, take heed how ye appeal
To the New Gospel made by *SAT* aud *SEAL*,
Let *Davids* Psalms be above *Sternholds* Meter,
And *Wrays* Occasionals yield to Saint *Peter*,
Set up Church Discipline anew, be wise
(For since that fell your Daughters Bellies rise:)
Grow Charitable again, let not your Hate
And private spleen bring forth a publick Fate:
So shall ye happy be, and soon return
The Nations Envy, who are now their scorn:
Take up at last, then learn to understand
The Plow and Scepter are not for one Hand.

FINIS.

Cowley, Abraham

A SATYRE AGAINST SEPARATISTS. OR, THE CONVICTION OF Chamber-Preachers, AND Other Schismaticks contrary to the Discipline of this our Protestant Profession.

London, Printed 1675.

A SATYRE

AGAINST

SPARATISTS,

OR THE

CONVICTION

OF

Chamber-Preachers,

AND

Other Schismaticks, contrary to the Discipline of this our Profession.

London, Printed 1675.

A SATYRE AGAINST Separatists.

I Have been where so many *Brownists* dwell,
That there are only more of them in Hell.
Where silenc'd Ministers enow were met
To make a Synod; and may make one yet.
Their blessed liberty they've found at last
And talkt for all those years of silence past.
Like some half-pin'd, and hunger-starved man,
Who when he next gets Victuals, surfets than,
Each Country of the World sent us back some
Like several winds which from all quarters come,
To make a Storm. As't hap, its Sunday too,
And the chief *Rabbies* Preach. To Church I go,
Where (that we men more patiently may hear
Nonsence) to heaven at first he speaks it, there

He

He hums, then whiſpers ſtrait, and next does roar,
Now draws his words out long, now leaps them o're,
So various tones, that I admir'd, and ſaid
Sure all the Congregation in him pray'd,
'Twas the moſt tedious Soul, the dulleſt he
That ever came to Doctrines twenty three,
And nineteen Uſes, how he drawes his *Hum*
And quarters *Haw*, tells a Poppy and Opium!
No Feaver a mans eyes could open keep,
All *Argus* body he'd have Preach'd aſleep
In half an hour. The *Wauld*, *O Lawd* he cries
Lukewarmneſs: And this melts the Womens eyes.
They ſob aloud, and ſtrait aloud I ſnore,
Till a kind Pſalm tells me the dangers o're.
Bleſs'd here with this eſcape, boldly to th'hall
I venture, where I meet the Brethren all.
Firſt there to the grave Clergy I am led,
By whatſoever ſtile diſtinguiſhed,
Whether moſt reverend Batchelors they be
Of Art, or reverend Sophes of no degree.
Next ſtand the wall-ey'd Siſters in a row,
Nay their ſcaldheaded children they come too.
And mingled mongſt theſe ſtood a gaping there
Thoſe few laymen that not o'th Clergy were,
Now they diſcourſe, ſome ſtories here relate
Of bloody Popiſh plots againſt the State:
Which by the Spirit, and Providence, no doubt,
The man that made hath found moſt ſtrangely out.
Some blame the King, others more modeſt ſay
He's a good Man himſelf, but led away:
The women rip old wounds, and with their tears
Recount the loſs of the three Worthies Ears.

Away

Away ye fools 'twas for the good o'th men
They nere were perfect *Roundheads* untill then.
But against Bishops they all rail, but I
Said boldly I'le defend the Hierarchy,
To th'Hierarchy they meant no harm at all,
But root, and branch, 'bout Bishops too't we fall,
I like a fool with reason, and those men
With wrested Scripture, a sly Deacon then
Thrust in his Ears, so speaks th'Apostle too;
How speaks he friend? not i the nose like you.
Strait a the zealot raging to me came
And said, o'th what d'you call it part I am,
Bishops are limbs of Antichrist the cries.
Repent quoth I good woman, and be wise,
The Devil will have you else, that I can tell
Believ't, and poach those Eggs o'your eyes in Hell.
An hideous storm was ready to begin,
When by most blessed Fate the meat came in,
But then so long, so long a Grace is sed,
That a good Christian when he goes to bed
Would be contented with a shorter Prayer,
Oh how the Saints enjoy'd the creatures there!
Three Pasties in the minure of an hour,
Large, and well wrought, they root and branch devour,
As glibby as they'd swallow'd down Church-Land,
In vain the lesser Pies hope to withstand.
On Geese, and Capons with what zeal they feed?
And wondering cry, a goodly Bird indeed!
Their spirits thus warm'd all the jests from them came,
Upon the names of *Land*, *Duck*, *Wren* and *Lamb*,
Cannons and Bishops Seats. And one most wise
I like this innocent mirth at Dinner cries,

Which now by one is done; and Grace by two,
The Bells ring, and again to Church we go.
And now the Christian *Bajaset* begins;
The suffering Pulpit groans for *Israels* sins,
Sins which in number many, though they be
And crying ones, are yet less loud then he:
His stretcht-out voice sedition spreds afar,
Nor does he only teach but act a War;
A sweats against the State, Church, learning, sence,
Resolving to gain Hell with violence.
Down, down as low as earth must all things go,
There was some hope the Pulpit would down too.
Work on, work on good zeal, but still I say
Law forbids threshing on the Sabbath day.
An hour lasts the two-handed Prayer, and yet
Not a kind syllable can Heaven get
Till to the Parliament he comes at last,
Just at that blessed word his fury's past:
And here he thanks God in a loving tone
But *Laurd*; and then he mounts, all is not done:
No, would it were think I, for much I fear
That all will not be done this two hours here:
For now he comes to't, as you'l find it writ,
Repeats his Text, and takes his leave of it.
And strait to's Sermon in such furious wise
H'as made it what 'tis call'd, an exercise.
The Pulpit's his hot bath: the Brethrens cheer,
Rost-Beef, Mince-Pie, and Capon reek out here.
Oh how he whips about six years ago
When superstitious decency did grow
So much in fashion? Now he whets his fist
Against the name of Altar, and of Priest,

The very name in his outragious heat
Poor innocent *Vox ad placitum*, doth beat,
Next he cuffs out Set-Prayer, even the Lords,
And binds the Spirit he says as 'twere with cords.
Yea with whipcords: Next must Authority go,
Authoritie's a kind of binder too.
Frst then he intends to breath himself upon
Church-Government; have at the King anon.
The thing's done straight, in poor six minutes space
Titus, and *Timothy* have lost their place;
Nay with th'Apostles too it e'ne went hard,
All their Authority two thumps more had mard.
Paul and St. *Peter* might expect their doom:
Knew but this frantick fool they'd bin at *Rome*.
Now to the State he comes, talks an alarm,
And at th Malignant party flings his arm,
Defies the King, and thinks his Pulpit, full
As safe a place for't, as the Knight at *Hull*.
What though no Magazen laid in here be,
Scarce all the Guns can make more noise then he.
Plots, plots he cries, there's jealousie, and fears,
The politick Saints shake their mysterious Ears
Till time (long time, which doth consume and wast
All things) t'an end his Sermon brought at last.
What would you have good soul, a Reformation?
Oh by all means; but how? o'th newest fashion;
A pretty slight Religion, cheap, and free,
I know not how, but you may furnisht be
At *Ipswich*, *Amsterdam*; a Kingdom near,
Though to say truth you paid for that too dear;
No matter what it cost, we'l reform though,
The Prentices themselves will have it so.

They'l root out Popery here whats'ever come,
It is decreed, nor shall thy fate, O *Rome*
Resist their vows. They'le do't to a hair for they
Who if upon *Shrove-Tuesday* or *May-Day*
Beat an old Baud, or fright poor Whores they cou'd,
Thought themselves greater then their Founder *Lud*,
Have now vast thoughts, and scorn to put upon
Any Whore less then her of *Babylon*.
They'r mounted high, contemn the humble play
Of trap, or foot-ball on an Holiday
In *Finesbury* Fields. No, 'tis their brave intent
Wisely t'advise the King, and Parliament.
The work in hand they'le disapprove or back,
And cry it'h Reformation, what d'you lack?
Can they who'n Shop books write, and yet not know
If Bishops have a right Divine or no?
Or can they sweep their Door, and Shops so well,
And for to cleans a State as yet not tell?
No, study and experience makes them wise,
Why should they else watch late, or early rise?
Their wit so flows, that when they think to take
But Sermon-notes, they oft new Sermons make,
In *Cheapside-Cross* they *Baal* and *Dagon* see,
Yet know 'tis gilt all ore as well as we.
Besides since men did that gay Idol rear,
God has not blest the Hearb-wives trading there,
Go on brave *Heroes*, and perform the rest,
Increase your fame each day a yard at least,
Till your high names are grown as glorious full
As the four *London* Prentices at the *Red Bull*:
So may your goodly Ears still prickant grow,
And no bold Hair increase to mar the show.

So.

So may you *Moorfield's* pastimes never fail,
And all the Rooms about keep mighty Ale,
Ale your own spirits to raise, and Cakes appease
The hungry coyness of your Mistresses:
And so rare Pageants grace the Lord Mayors show,
And none find out that those are Idols too.
So may you come to sleep in Fur at last,
And some *Smectimnuan*, when your days are past,
Your Funeral Sermon of six hours rehearse,
And *Taylor* sing your praise in lofty Verse.

But stay who have we next? mark and give room
The women with a long Petition come,
Mans understanding is not half so great,
Th'Apple of knowledge 'twas we first did eat,
First then Pluralities must be laid away
Men may learn thence to keep two Wives they say,
Next Schollarship and Learning must go down
Oh fie! your Sect so cruel to the Gown:
You don't the kindness of some Schollars know,
The *Cambridge* Women will not have it so,
Learning's the Lamp o'th Land that shines so bright,
Y'are not so immodest to put out the light,
This is a Conventicle trick. What's next?
Oh with the Churches solemn Form they'r vext,
The sign o'th Cross the forehead must not bear,
'Twas only they were born to plant signs there,
No Font to wash native concupiscence in,
You like that itch still of Original sin:
No solemn rights of Burial must be shown,
Pox take you, hang your selves, and then you'l none.
No Organ Idol with pure Ears agree,
Nor Anthems, Why? nay ask nor them nor me,

Ther's

There's new Church-Musick found instead of those,
The Womens sighs tun'd to the Teachers nose;
No Surplesses, no? Why? none d'you crave?
They're rags of *Rome*. I think what you would have,
You'd Preach I trow, Why do so, there's no doubt
A fitter Preaching age you'l ne're find out?
You've got the Spirit, you've fiery Tongues, it's true,
And by your talk they should be double too.

OH times, Oh manners! when the Church is made
A prey, nay worse, a scorn to ev'ry Trade.
When ev'ry Tyler in his popular rage
(The Ages greatest Curse) enforms the Age,
When Reason is for Popery suppress'd
And Learning counted Jesuitism at least,
When without Books Divines must studious be,
And without Meat keep Hospitality;
When men 'gainst ancient Father's rev'rend says
The many-Headed Beasts *Smectimnuus* raise,
That *Hydra*, which would grow still, and encrease,
But that at first he met an *Hercules*,
When the base rout, the Kingdom's dirt, and sink,
To cleanse the Church and purge the Fountains think,
Such as whilst they might living Waters take,
Drink *Belgian* Ditches, and the *Lemnian* Lake:
When th' Liturgy, which now so long hath stood
Seal'd by five Reverend Bishops sacred Blood
Doth pass for nonsence, and but Pottage thought,
Pottage from Heav'n like that to *Daniel* brought.

Their

Their Broaths have such weeds mixt, and made so hot,
The Prophets Sons cry out, death's in the Pot.

Oh Times, Oh manners! But methinks I stay
Too long with them; Take thus much for this day:
Hereafter more, for since we now begin,
You'l find wee've Muses too as well as Prinn.

FINIS.